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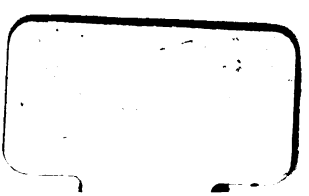

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Hobart

MANY MOODS AND MANY METERS.

"It ain't so much fer the polish ef a feller on'y writes suthin' at amuses us, an' gives us a chanst to share a smile with one'n nother when we sets down by the roadside of life to rest up a bit."

The Sage of Mudville.

TO MY WIFE.

MANY MOODS AND MANY METERS

BY

GEORGE V. HOBART

BALTIMORE:
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Baltimore, November 25th, 1898.

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MANY MOODS AND MANY METERS.

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MANY MOODS AND MANY METERS.

HIS HEROES.

SAID Uncle Josh, "Yes, Dewey's great;
I like the way he fit firs'-rate.

"I like that feller Sampson, too;
He seems to know jus' what to do.

"En also there's a heap in Schley;
Seems like he's got a eagle eye.

"That young chap Hobson knows his biz;
He's brave as kin be—that he is.

"En Watson, with his flyin' fleet,
Guess he could do the job complete.

"I like to read about them chaps
As sports them purty shoulder-straps.

"Jus' makes me cut a pigeon-wing
When they turn loose an' let 'er fling.

"But 'tain't them folks as makes me yell
En lose my senses fer a spell.

"It ain't them folks as makes me shout
Till all the villagers turns out.

"It ain't them ad-my-rals—no, sir!—
That makes the old blood in me stir.

"It ain't them commydores 'n' sich
That makes the muscles in me twitch.

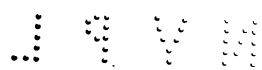
"It ain't them captains peart en brave
That makes my old voice misbehave.

"It's them that offers life, brave chaps,
Without no hope of shoulder-straps.

"It's them that works with grimy breasts
En stands war's worst en hardest tests.

"It's them that cracks a cheerful joke
En shows their smiles through cannon-smoke.

"It's them there naked, fearless boys,
A-workin' in that hell of noise,



"En pushin' Death aside to say,
'Git out! You're always in the way.'

"A-shootin' with so true an aim
That makes Old Glory glad it came.

"Them is the boys fer Uncle Josh—
The boys behind the guns, b'gosh!"

JIM.

I HEAR the drum roll, rub-a-dub, dub,
And the piccolo's shrill refrain;
The boys in blue with hearts so true
Are marching home again.
I hear the drum, but it beats for me
Despair and grief's tattoo;
I'd be so glad if our only lad—
Our Jim—poor Jim—marched, too!

I hear the tramp, the tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of the army marching by;
Brave soldiers all, at their country's call
They went to fight and die.
Their task is done; with heads erect
They pass there in review;
Instead of tears I'd give them cheers
If Jim—poor Jim—marched, too!

I hear the clank, the clank, clank, clank,
Of the swords of Captains gay;
But my worn eyes rest on the blood-stained crest
Of a hill far, far away.
They left him there where the weeping winds
Sing dirges faint and few—
They're home—God's light! How grand the sight
If Jim—poor Jim—marched, too!

HOL' DEM PHILLUPINES!

MISTAH DEWEY, yo's all right,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Made yo' point, an' won yo' fight,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
If dem natives get too gay
Make dem walk de Spanish way,
Show dem dat you's come to stay,
Hol' dem Phillupines!

Doctah Dewey, doan' yo' care,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Let dat German ge'man swear,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Reckon dat you saw dem first;
Jus' yo' say to wienerwurst,
"Come en take dem if yo' durst!"
Hol' dem Phillupines!

'Fessor Dewey, yo' is wa'm,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Reckon yo' can ride de sto'm,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Tell him dat yo' will not grieve
If ol' Diederichs should leave—
Keep dat razzer up yo' sleeve,
Hol' dem Phillupines!

A'm'al Dewey, watch yo' kyards,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Folks all sen' yo' best regyards,
Hol' dem Phillupines!
Make dem 'fo'iners lay low;
Ef dey 'sist to pester so,
Make dem take dah clothes en go,
Hol' dem Phillupines!

THE SONG OF THE SEVEN.

I'LL spin you a yarn,
Said the old Jack Tar,
"I'll spin you a yarn," said he;
"An' it ain't no tale
Of a screechin' gale
That yells fer joy as it splits a sail,
An' swashes the briny over the rail;
It ain't—but, lad, it's a movin' tale;
It's a movin' tale," said he.

"One bloomin' night,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"One bloomin' black night," said he,
"The battleships lay
Near the Dago Bay,
Near the mouth of the channel to Dago Bay;
An' eight brave chaps they swore to belay
All chance of the Spaniards gettin' away
From the Dago Bay," said he.

"These eight brave chaps,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Sheared off in the gloom," said he;
An' Davy Jones
He rattled his bones—
(We listened an' heard his dismal groans)—
'I've got 'em,' says Dave, in deep-sea tones—
He's a knowin' old cuss, is Davy Jones,
Is Davy Jones," said he.

"But the eight sailed on,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Sailed up to the guns," said he;
"They sailed so well
That, truth to tell,
They sunk their ship in the channel's swell,
To keep them Spaniards there a spell—
'Twas a night in the fo'c'sle deck of hell,
A night in hell," said he.

"But days have passed,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"An' it's different now," said he;
"Of the eight brave chaps
The shoulder-straps,

He gets shore leave an' he packs his traps
(The Cap'n he orders it so, perhaps),
An' the girls fer him they sets their caps—
They sets their caps," said he.

"He's wined and dined,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"But what of the Seven?" said he.
"Now a pretty Miss
An' a long-shore kiss,
A rousin' smack of a soundin' kiss,
To a plain young Jack ain't none amiss;
But the Seven don't seem to be in on this—
Ain't in on this," said he.

"Who beached the Seven?"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Who doused their glim?" said he.
"Fergot by Fame!
It's a bloomin' shame—
I say it's the devil's own bloomin' shame
That you can't call out the Seven by name.
Come on, now, hearties, name the same—
Can you name the same?" said he.

"I WAS ON THE MERRIMAC"

I WAS on the Merrimac"— "No more," the listener cried;
"The best is none too good for you; come on, just step inside;
Now eat your fill at my expense and name your brand of wine;
For heroes such as you, my boy, the best is none too fine!"

"I was on the Merrimac"— "I know," the listener cried;
"You rushed into that seething hell, and death itself defied;
And now from Spanish dungeons you in some heroic style
Have slipped away and fooled them, I can see it in your smile!"

"I was on the Merrimac"— "Yes, yes," the listener said;
"The laurel wreath is waiting to adorn your gallant head;
And Fame is sitting smiling just as happy as can be,
All ready now to hand your name to Immortality!"

"I was on the Merrimac"— "Aha!" the listener sighed;
"To think that you should get away and stem the roaring tide!
To think that I should see the day I'd grasp a hero's hand,
Especially a hero such as formed young Hobson's band!"

"I was on the Merrimac—no interruptions, please;
Because some explanation now will set us at our ease;
I was on the Merrimac a day or two before
The Government took charge of her, down there in Baltimore!"

LINES TO ADMIRAL CERVERA.

("The correct pronunciation of Cervera is 'Thairvera.'")
—DAILY PAPER.

THAIRVERA, oh! Thairvera!
You have got uth in a muth;
And the papers, oh, Thairvera,
They are raithing thuch a futh!
All the Union is exthited,
Public thentiment runth high—
But, Thairvera, you can calm uth,
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?

Thairvera, oh! Thairvera!
Won't you thet uth at our eath?
Tell uth who, thir, thent you thcooting
From the Caribbean theath?
We are waiting, thir, we're waiting,
While you fix up your reply—
Pleath, Thairvera, won't you tell uth,
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?

Thairvera, oh! Thairvera!
We have been so thad and thore
Ever thince our warthipth thent you
Hard upon the Cuban shore.
Rumor hath been hard at work, thir,
Mixing thingth, and that ith why
We are anxiouth that you tell uth,
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?

Thairvera, oh! Thairvera!
You were prethent at the time;
You were there from thtart to finish,
All throughout that day thublime.
Tho to thettle all dithcuthion,
Thir, who wath it caught your eye
On that well-remembered morning?
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?

PAST AND PRESENT.

1861.

Id vas Springdime, und der flowers
Dey vare vinking ad der sun;
Yust like vot day dit in Eden
Ven der vorld vas yust begun.
Und my leedle Fritz vas laughing
In der cradle vare he lay—
He vas yust a leedle baby
Ven I vent to var avay.

Dark und gloomy vas der morning,
Though der sun vas shining bright,
Ven I kissed my Katarina,
Und I held her to me tight.
Leedle Fritz vas calling: "Datty!
Von't you come mit me und play?"
Und my heart like lead was hefy
Ven I vent to var avay.

1898.

Id vas Springdime, und der flowers
  Vink like in der long ago;
Bud der air is full mit drouble,
  Und ve bow beneath der blow.
Leedle Fritz—he yust sait: "Datty!
  I'll come back annuder day;"
Den he kissed us both, und left us—
  Fritz to var has vent avay.

Id vas Springdime, und der flowers
  Dey are vinking yust der same,
Vile I sid here, veak und feeple,
  Bruised und pattle-scarred und lame;
Und my poor old Katarina
  Vipes der teardrops vile she say:
"Twice to suffer, twice to sorrow—
  Fritz to var has vent avay."

KATARINA KNITS.

VEN efening comes I sid me vare
I finds der sofdest easy chair;
Und ven I geds mineself down sat
I reads vots in der babers at—
Und Katarina knits.

I reads abouid der sinked shib Maine,
Und all abouid dot vicket Sbain;
Und vare der fighding vill took blace
Uf any Spinyard shows his face—
Und Katarina knits.

I fix mine glasses und I reads
Abouid dot Vyler und his deeds;
Und how der Coobans for a year
Vos lifing yust on admosphere—
Und Katarina knits.

I reads abouid dot brafe Fidz Lee;
Und all abouid der shibs at sea;
Und vile I reads a thrill yust fine
Id chases ub und down my sbine—
Und Katarina knits.

Und den my vandering thoughts dey run
Back through der years to Sixty-Vun,
Ven I vos young und dall und slim—
Und den some vay my eyes geds dim—
Und Katarina knits.

Again I'm down dare mit der South,
Abouid vare is der cannon's mouth;
Und all der vorld is full uf tears,
Und shrieks, und yells, und baddle cheers—
Und Katarina knits.

Der baber drops ouid uf my hand—
I hear der moosic uf der band;
I feel der young blood flow some more
Yust like ven I vos twendy-four—
Und Katarina knits.

Den to my vife I say, "My dear,
I dink vot I vill volunteer!"
She smiles ad me und shakes her head- -
Dere's nudding furder to be said
Ven Katarina nits.

LINES TO ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS.

ACH, Atmiral von Diederichs,
I vant to sbeak mit you;
Yust lisden fer a leedle und
I'll tolt you vot to do:
Sail from dem Phillypeanuts isles
A tousand miles abouid—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you

Uf
you
doan'd
vatch
ouid!

Ach, Atmiral von Diederichs,
Der Kaiser vas a peach,
I'm villing to atmit id, but
Dere's udders on der beach.

So, darefore, dot's der reason vy,
  Doan'd led your head get stouid,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you

  Uf
      you
        doan'd
          vatch
            ouid!

Ach, Atmiral von Diederichs,
  Vot pitzness haf you got
In loafing py Manila ven
  Der heat-vaves are so hot?
Vy doan'd you yust oxcoos yourself
  Und durn your shibs abouid—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you

  Uf
      you
        doan'd
          vatch
            ouid!

Ach, Atmiral von Diederichs,
  Vy vill you be a clams?
Go ged some udder islands vich
  Are not olt Uncle Sam's.
Yust wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm, yet,
  Und dell him dares no douid
Dot der Dewey man vill got you

Uf
you
doan'd
vatch
ouid!

THE PHANTOMS.

THE phantom sea serenely blue
Beneath the sunshine lay,
And bold Camara sailed his ships
Through clouds of phantom spray;
With phantom skill he steered his fleet
For many a phantom day.

One phantom morn the lookout cried,
"A sail! I see a sail!"
The bold Camara, undismayed,
Turned round, and then turned pale;
Then tried to turn the subject, and
Concluded to turn tail.

But closer to Camara drew
That strangely foreign craft;
"Is she a Yank?" Camara cried;
For answer phantom laught-
Er rolled across the phantom foam,
Like merriment gone daft.

"Wie gehts, alretty, vonce again!"
Came to Camara's ear;
"Ve haf peen looging ouid py you
Dis many und many a year;
Und now, py Chimineddy, ve
Are glat to see you here!"

"Oh, who are you?" Camara cried,
With terror in each tone.
"I vos der Flying Dutchman, yet!"
Came through the megaphone;
"Und I am glat dot nefermore
I'll sail der sea alone."

And so, across the phantom deep
And through the phantom spray,
Through phantom storms and phantom calms
Through phantom night and day,
The Flying Dutchman and the Fly-
Ing Spaniard sail for aye.

NET.

ONCE I knowed a leedle fellow
Vot his name vas Net.
Preddy chap, mit curls uf yellow
All arount his het.
Yust a hantsome leedle fellow,
Mit dem preddy curls uf yellow
All arount his het.

All der beobles used to luff him,
He vas smard und bright.
Und der bat boys used to shuff him—
Dry to make him fight.
But no madder how dey teased him,
Or in vot vay dey disbleased him,
Yust he vould nod fight.

Yust a chentle, quiet fellow
Vas dot leedle Net;
Mit dem preddy curls uf yellow
Growing py his het.

Some folks set he'd be a teacher,
Udders set he'd be a preacher—
  Dot's vot beobles set.

Vatched dot leedle fellow growing—
  Net, dot vas his name!
Quiet, chentle, easy-going,
  Alvays yust der same.
Nefer heard dot lad comblaining
Veder id vas fine or raining,
  Alvays yust der same.

Ub he grew, dot leedle fellow—
  How der years haf ran!
Put avay dem curls uf yellow
  Ven he vas a man.
Yust der same nice, quiet fellow,
Bud midoud dem curls uf yellow
  Since he vas a man.

Ven der boogles sounded, Net he
  Knew vot id vas for;
"Freedom calls," he set; "I'm retty;
  I vill go to var!"

Some folks set he'd be a teacher,
Udders set he'd be a preacher,
  Bud he vent to var.

Now der var-clouds dey are scaddered,
  Peace sids in der door;
Und der solchers, bruised and baddered,
  Dey are home vonce more.
Bud dot chentle leedle fellow
Vot he hat dem curls uf yellow,
  Doan'd come home no more.

Vare der Southern sun is gleaming
  Ofer lant und vave,
Dare dot chentle lad is dreaming,
  Dreaming in his grave.
Vare dem preddy vines are creebing
On dot Kooban hill he's sleebing
  In a solcher's grave.

TOM BUSHBY—CORP'RAL.

THERE's sorrer an' gloom on the farm tonight,
An' wild the wind is wailin';
Our tears an' sighs ain't set things right,
Our prayers was unavailin'.
I see him now with his bonny head
Bent down, his mother kissin'—
But we've heard no word since the paper said:
"Tom Bushby—corp'ral—missin'."

He left us here with his spirits high,
An' a cheery cry, "God keep you!"
An' now in vain we search an' sigh—
Our fearless boy, where sleep you!
If we only knew that he smiled an' fell
With the bullets round him hissin'—
But this is the story the papers tell:
"Tom Bushby—corp'ral—missin'."

We're old an' poor, but we'd give up all
That helps to make earth's glory
If a comrade dear of Tom's would call
An' tell our brave boy's story.
Did he die with a cheer for the flag that day,
The flag the sun was kissin'—
God knows! for the papers only say:
"Tom Bushby—corp'ral—missin'."

Ah! rest your heart whose brave son died
With a comrade there to carry
A message home from the green hillside,
Where the dead in peace shall tarry.
You know he fought, you know he fell
Where the sun his grave is kissin'—
With us forever this thought must dwell;
"Tom Bushby—corp'ral—missin'."

There's sorrer an' gloom on the farm tonight,
An' black the sky is bendin',
We've prayed in grief to see the light,
But the darkness is unendin'.

In my dreams I see that bonny head
  Bent down, his mother kissin'—
But, alas! no word since the paper said:
  "Tom Bushby—corp'ral—missin'."

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

My name is Georgie Dewey Jones,
I'm 10 years old today,
For I was born in '98,
All on the first of May.
Oh, I was christened Dewey just
In honor of an Ad-
Miral who made an awful hit
That season with my dad.

Among the boys I play with there
Are Deweys by the score.
Residing in the block with me
There's over twenty-four.
There's little Dewey Snooks and James
Orlando Dewey Bibbs;
There's Dewey Pilkins, Dewey Jinks,
And Samuel Dewey Tibbs.

And then there's little Dewey Brown
And Dewey Pelsenheim,
And Charles Augustus Dewey Smith
And Dewey Getzenheim.
There's Deweyeski Sneezeovitch
And Dewey Pat O'Lynn;
There's Dewey Garibaldi and
There's Dewey Lee Ah Sin.

There's more of us, but I forget
Just what's their other names;
And when we get together—gee!
It's hard to play our games!
If some one calls for "Dewey," why
Up start the twenty-four;
And then to straighten matters out
It takes an hour or more.

It seems 'fore we were christened that
A man named Dewey fought
The late lamented Spaniards, and—
Well, say, tabasco's hot,

But he was much more torrid than
The first warm day in spring,
And to those Spaniards, hist'ry says,
He didn't do a thing.

Then, after he had fought his fight,
All on the first of May,
'Twas Dewey this, and Dewey that,
For months, the old folks say.
The Dewey epidemic raged
With fury when we came
On earth—our parents took it, and
We got it in the name.

NATURE'S DECORATION DAY.

WHERE brooding Silence reings as Queen
A sleeping soldier lies;
His bed the heart of Mother Earth,
His monument the skies.

Through drifting years the sentry trees
Their loving branches bend
To guard him with their shadows till
All time shall be at end.

What though the winds of winter wail
In sorrow's sobbing tones,
And dreary nights voice all their woes
In melancholy moans;

What though the golden summer's sun
Shines brightly overhead?
He sleeps the peaceful sleep vouchsafed
The long-forgotten dead.

No tender hands have ever placed
Sweet roses on his breast;
No woman's sighs have ever helped
To soothe his soul to rest.

No gentle voices whisper low
Above his bit of ground;
No tears, save Heaven's, ever fall
To consecrate his mound.

But Nature loves her heroes well,
And 'round that grave today
The children of her fancy in
A wild profusion play.

The ox-eyed daisy shyly greets
The closely-clinging vine;
The buttercup is happy with
The yellow dandelion.

The violet with purple clothes
That long-untrodden spot;
And whispering grasses linger near
The wild forget-me-not.

Yes, Nature loves her heroes well,
And in her own kind way
She gives our long-forgotten dead
A Decoration Day.

EFENING FANCIES.

VEN der day is yust confessing
Dot id dearly luffs der night,
Und I sid mit Katarina all alone;
Ven der chentle preezes hurry
To der West, vare is der light,
Und der efening bells dey sing mit sweetest tone,
Dot is ven my thoughts dey trafel
Pack across der road uf years,
Und der strangest leedle fancies round me blay.
Den id seems der vorld is habby
Und id nefer knows no tears—
Ven der shadows tell der dwilight, run avay!

Ven der leedle stars are vinking
At der moon vot hides ids face,
Und der clouds are floading home to go to bed;
Den id seems I ged a message
From some far-off, beaceful blace,

Und id puts dem habby notions in my head.
Den I hear der sveetest moosic
Vot is qviet-like und low,
Like vot fairies on a moonbeam ought to blay;
Den id seems der vorld is choyful,
Und id nefer knows no voe—
Ven der shadows tell der dwilight, run avay!

Ven der pirds ub in der pranches
Fold dare vings und say good-night,
Und der flowers dey are nodding, nodding low;
Den I luff to sid in silence,
Und to vatch der fading light,
Vile I drafel to der scenes uf long ago,
Mit mine Katarina's leedle
Hand in mine yed vunce again,
Yust like vot id vos pefore our vedding tay,
Den der tired vorld is sleebing,
Und forgetting all ids pain—
Ven der shadows tell der dwilight, run avay!

DO YOU KNOW BLINKINS?

Do you know Blinkins ? Dingdest galk
'At ever started in to talk!
No matter what the question be
He never gits it right—not he.
He's dumber en my garden hoe;
But when the facts is settled, though,
He's first to say, "I tolt you so!"
Do you know Blinkins?

He sez, sez he, "No war you'll see;
'Tain't never comin', sir!" sez he.
But when them guns begun to boom
En Spanish tyrunts met thar doom,
He ups en starts right in to blow;
You'd think he wuz the hull dern show
The way he sez "I tolt you so!"
Do you know Blinkins?

When them thar Spanish came acrost
He give his kentry up fer lost;
Jus' loafed aroun' behind the shed
A 'countin' on hisself fer dead;
But when our navy laid 'em low,
He limbered up enough to go
En screech right out, "I tolt you so!"
Do you know Blinkins?

En, furthermore, he don't know beans;
Fer 'ninstance, take them Phillerpeens!
He sez, sez he, "They's situate
Near Zanzybar, I calculate!"
We got the jograffy to show
They's out near Archypellygo,
En then sez he, "I tolt you so!"
Do you know Blinkins?

I reckon when he's done down here,
En trots off to another sphere,
He'll start right fer the golden gate
Whar only good folks set en wait;

En when Saint Peter sez, " You go
To that thar place 'at's down below ! "
He'll wink en say, "I tolt you so!"
Do you know Blinkins?

NESCA.

My Nesca is a poet's dream,
A lyric sweet and true;
Her heart of gold's a ballad old,
Whose music thrills me thro'.

My Nesca's eyes like twin stars shine
Beneath a brow of snow;
Her dimpled hand's a sonnet grand,
Her hair a silk rondeau.

Her rose-lit cheeks two love songs are,
Faultless her tiny feet;
In burning rhyme I say that time
Ne'er saw maid half so sweet.

And yet despite the fact that she
Is naught save poetry—
Despite her rhymes, I find at times
She's not *averse* to me.

MY LADY AT THE PLAY.

THE play was some old fable
Wrought into quaint romance—
(Ah, would the gods had blessed me with
Sweet words to paint her glance!)

The heroine was tearful,
The villain full of guile—
(The heroine that pleased me best
Sat just across the aisle!)

The scenes were laid in ages
When knights were bad and bold—
(A comb of tortoise nestled in
Her hair of silken gold!)

I know not how it ended,
  Or when the curtain fell—
(Content was I to sit and dream
  Beneath that maiden's spell!)

The play was some quaint fable,
  A story old and rare—
(But the only fable there for me
  Was the tortoise and the hair!)

THE FICKLE FROG.

IN a noon-day dream on the banks of a stream,
A bull-frog sat one day;
While his new-made bride swam around in the tide
In the usual froggish way.

Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Oh! sorry the day for the frog asleep,
For he may awake perchance to weep,
Oh, Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!

While the husband slept a strange frog crept
From the rushes growing green,
And he swam to the side of the blushing bride
With a captivating mien.

Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Alas! for the husband sleeping there—
Dark trouble hovers in the air.
Oh, Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!

The strange frog's smile seemed to quite beguile
The little blushing bride;
In a tender tone he said "My own,"
And he drew her to his side!

Croak!
Croak! Croak!
For husband frogs must sigh and weep,
And deplore the habit of going to sleep.
Oh, Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!

When the frog woke up he found his cup
Of misery running o'er;
For the wife of his log with the masher frog
Had eloped to some other shore.

Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Did he grieve himself to death? Oh, Nay!
He married another wife next day.
Oh, Croak!
Croak! Croak!
Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!

HOT WEATHER WISHES.

OH! I'd like to go with Nansen
To the Pole,
Where the grizzly bears are dancin'
And they roll
In a chilly, frapped ocean
With a rhythmic sort of motion
That is droll!
Where Mrs. Seal cavorting
Wears her furs,
And Mr. Seal, though sporting,
Ne'er demurs;
Where the wind is wild, and freely
O'er the country found by Greely
Ever stirs—
O'er the country found by Greely
Ever stirs!

Oh! I'd like to go with Nansen
On the Fram,
Where the pelicans are prancin',
And the clam

Is a frozen inspiration
Filled with icicled elation,
Cool an ca'm!
Where the Ice-King reigns, and reigning
Does it well;
Where there never is complaining
Of a spell
When the mercury is soaring,
And the populace is roaring:
"Hot as can be!"
And the populace is roaring:
"Hot as can be!"

Oh! I'd like to go with Nansen—
Who would not?
Where the hot wave stops advancin'
And gets caught
In the centre of a blizzard
That exterminates the sizzard
On the spot!
Where the mercury's retiring
Coy and shy;
Where Old Sol is never firing
Up the sky;

Where the ice-man and the plumber
Aren't Moguls of the summer
Days that fry—
Aren't Moguls of the summer
Days that fry!

Oh! I'd like to be a blooming
Esquimault,
All his frozen airs assuming,
Don't you knault!
Then farewell to moods so melting,
With a snowball I'd be pelting
Every wault!
All of Greenland's icy mountains
I would do;
Drinking drinks that frozen fountains
Only brew.
There I know they'd ne'er be trottin'
Out that query, "Is it hot en-
Ough for you?"
Out that query, "Is it hot en-
Ough for you?"

THE NEWSBOY'S STORY.

SAY, Mister, buy de ev'nin' paper, wil'e ?
Me mudder's sick, an' fodder's
Got a t'irst.
If I don't stake him, say! he'll knock me silly,
Dat's w'at he does—if I don't
See him first.
Dat's right! me mudder's sick, an' little sister
Has got de worstest pains
You ever see,
'Cause she fell on de stove an' raised a blister—
T'anks, Mister! W'at! A dime!
Well, hully gee!"

A little face, so woe-begone and tearful;
A head of curly locks
In wild dismay;
A little voice, so frightened and so fearful;
And eyes that seemed to mourn
A happy day.

A little coat, so patched up and so tattered;
A hat whose brim the night winds
Seemed to sway;
A little hand, with mud and grime bespattered—
Ah! churlish were my soul
To say him nay!

* * * * *

Anon, when night had grown more melancholy,
With thoughtful mien I homeward
Slowly trudged;
The earth seemed full of vanity and folly
By that poor little outcast's
Story judged.
"Poor heart!" I said, "his life in woe is dawning;
Within his dreary future
Lies, perhaps"—
I paused, for surely, there beneath an awning,
I saw the little rascal
Shooting craps!

THE MYTHICAL SANTA CLAUS

I AIN'T much more'n seven, an' still I knows a lot;
But dis here game of Chris'mas, be-jee! it's got me caught!
I heard de kids a'chewin' de rag about a guy
W'at tum'les down de chimbley w'en no one else ain't nigh,
Wit' baskets full of candy, an' udder t'ings like dat—
I t'ink dem kids was on'y conwersin' trew dare hat!
'Cause we has got a chimbley, an' a roof dat's open, too;
But no old guy wit' candy ain't never yet come trew!

Me frien', dat's Swipes McGoogin, he tolt me to me teet'
Dat dem w'at hangs up stockin's is Sandy Clawses meat.
So I believes McGoogin, an' chases home to Mame—
Mame is me little sister, wat's awful weak an' lame—

An' den I says to Mamie, "Say, Sis, we's got a cinch!
We jist hangs up our stockin's, an' Santa Claus'll pinch
A lot of presents fer us—de fines' in de land!
An' w'en we wakes tumorrer we eats to beat de band!"

Jee! Mame was tickelt crazy—but Mudder on'y cried;
Poor Mudder can't help t'inkin' of de time w'en Fadder died.
So Mame she ups an' patches her stockin's wit' a rag;
An' me, not havin' any, gets Pop's old carpet-bag.
An' dare, 'long side de chimbley, wit' de stars a'shinin' down,
We hangs dem up an' waits fer His Nibs to come aroun';
But bimeby I gets sleepy, an' de last t'ing dat I sees
Is Mudder be de chimbley, a'prayin' on her knees.

Me Mudder was a'sobbin' an' moanin' in her sleep,
W'en I gets up an' chases fer de gif's to take a peep;
It was early in de mornin', an' Mamie's sleepin' yet,
W'en I looks into her stockin's to see w'at did she get.
Jee! but dat guy was frosty! Ain't nuttin' dare except
One little wormy apple w'at no one else'd kept.

An' in Pop's carpet-bag dare's not a single t'ing in sight—
Say! I was up ag'inst it fer certain now, dat's right!

W'en I ups an' tells McGoogin dat he gets me in a hole
Be tellin' me dat Sandy Claws is such a good old soul,
McGoogin says, says he, "I tried to work de racket, too;
But I got de half of nuttin', jist de same, be jee, as you!"
So I t'ink dat folks is on'y conwersin' trew dare hat
W'en dey says a guy goes roun' wit' gif's an' udder t'ings like dat,
'Cause me an' Mamie tried it, an' all we got to show
Is a wormy little apple w'at hadn't time to grow!

A DARKTOWN LULLABY.

SLEEP time, mah honey ! evenin' shadows fallin',
Sun sinkin' down in'a skies;
Sand Man done reckons time now fo' callin'—
Close yo' li'l coal black eyes!
Close dem, mah honey! Sand Man won't lub yo'
Ef yo' 'sists to chattah dataway;
Yander he's callin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows am creepin',
Creepin' up aroun'a cabin do';
Down in'a meadow dem bullfrogs am weepin',
Weepin' kase de sunlight had to go.
Sand Man am walkin', sweet dreams he's bringin'—
Doan' yo' blink dem li'l eyes dat way!
Yander he's singin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows done foun' yo',
  Foun' yo' an' yo' ol' Mammy, too!
Whippo'will am singin', singin' all aroun' yo',
  Dess a sweet good night he means fo' yo'!
Sand Man! How do, suh! li'l one am ready,
  Ready fo' to dream'a night erway;
    Chune up yo' singin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
  Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

SOME FOLKS.

Some folks is always moanin'
'Cause somefin' done gone wrong;
En er dismal so't of groanin'
Makes up dah life-long song.
Doan' nevah see no beauty
Reflected from on high;
Jus' reckons it dah duty
To sigh, sigh, sigh!

Den, it's grum'le, grum'le, grum'le!
Grum'le all de day.
Doan' nevah try
Fo' to look at de sky,
Dess grum'le dah life erway.

Some folks is always frettin'
'Cause dey has so much woe,
En all de time fo'gettin'
Dey mos'ly makes it so.

Ef dey ain't got no worries
Which dey kin call dah own,
Dey catches someone elses,
En moan, moan, moan.

Den, it's grum'le, grum'le, grum'le!
Grum'le all de day.
Doan' nevah try
Fo' to look at de sky,
Dess grum'le dah life erway.

Some folks dey always grum'les
About dishyer en dat;
Dey dess sits roun' en mum'les,
En wonders where dey's at.
Wakes airly in de mawnin',
En feels jus' laik dey mus'
Begin right wif de dawnin'
To fuss, fuss, fuss.

Den, it's grum'le, grum'le, grum'le!
Grum'le all de day.
Doan' nevah try
Fo' to look at de sky,
Dess grum'le dah life erway.

DE GROUN'HOG.

De Groun'hog rub his eyes an' woke—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!
He grab his pipe to took a smoke—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!
He brush his wooly head a pile;
He cul'lyvate a happy smile;
An' den he walk eroun' a while—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!

Mistah Groun'hog brush his clo'es;
Mistah Groun'hog smile and say:
"I reckon I mus' go an'
Look at de sun
To see do my shadder lay!"

De Groun'hog strollin' down de road—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!
De spruce trees rollin' wif dah load—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!

De ribbers friz up in dah bed;
De snow bird perk his li'l head;
De rabbits squeakin' to be fed—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!

Mistah Groun'hog look aroun';
Mistah Groun'hog smile and say:
"I reckon it am time fo'
To look at de sky,
Kase I ain't got long to stay!"

De Groun'hog brush his specs an' smile—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!
An' den he rub his eyes er while—
Good mawnin'! How d' do!
Den he raise his head up to de sky,
An' slowly wink his othah eye—
Did he see de sun!—let him reply!
Good mawnin'! How d' do!

Mistah Groun'hog blink an' wink;
Mistah Groun'hog smile and say:
"Dar'll be er lot ob climate
'Roun' hyar putty soon,
Ef dis weather doan' go erway!"

THE SONGS MAH MAMMY SUNG.

W'EN de worl' am full ob sadness,
'N' de light done gone erway;
W'en all de joy 'n' gladness
Hab lef' me far to stray;
W'en de wind its sighs am tunin',
'N' mah heart wif grief am wrung,
Dat's de time I gits to croonin'
De songs mah Mammy sung:

"Rockerby! rockerby
On de tree top;
W'en de wind blows
De cradle will rock!
Rockerby! rockerby!
Nuffin' to fear;
Hoodoo kain't kotch yo',
Fo' Mammy is here!"

W'en all mah frien's fo'sake me,
'N' dahkness fills de earf;
W'en misery done make me
Close tight de gates of mirf;
W'en solyum bells am ringin',
An' mah po' heart's unstrung,
Dat's w'en I gits to singin'
De songs mah Mammy sung:

"Go to sleep,
Mah leetle pickaninny!
Close yo' coal-black eyes,
'N' de angels
Come to meet yo'—
Yas, de angels
Sho' to greet yo',
Yander in de skies!"

W'en de sun's behin' de mountain,
'N' it's night-time in mah soul;
W'en troubles beyon' countin'
Erbout me su'ge 'n' roll;

W'en de shadows keep er comin'
Until de tears am brung,
Dat's w'en I gits to hummin'
De songs mah Mammy sung:

"Doan' yo' cry, mah babby—
Doan' yo' cry!
Yo' be er ge'man
Fo' yo' die!
Close yo' eyes, mah babby—
Doan' yo' cry!
Gwin'er see de sunshine
By 'n' bye!"

THE SHADOWS AND THE SUN.

WAS sittin' in de the-ayter, an' heard an actor say
Some words that seemed to grab me like, an' linger dat away.
It was dess a small remahk he made afo' de play was done:
"Remember dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun!"
Dess smile a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

De good Lawd made a mountains, and He made a valleys, too;
He made a blue sky overhead, He made a light shine frew;
An' den He dess set down an' made a clouds 'fore He was done—
"Remember dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun!"
Dess smile a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

De good Lawd made a flowers, an' He made a bum'le bees;
He let the lovely light shine down an' paint wif green a trees,
An' den He sent de rain clouds so de roots could have some fun—
"Remember dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun!"
Dess smile a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

It ain't no use to worry when a sto'm clouds cross yo' skies;
Ef all a time was sunny bright mos' likely hu't ouah eyes.
De good Lawd knew His business when dis worl' He made to run—
"Remember dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun!"
Dess smile a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

Some folks dey gets to frettin' an' a-sobbin' right er-way
When er li'l cloud it rises on de brightness of dah day;
Doan' nevah stop to figure dat de dahkness soon be done,

En fo'gets dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun,
Dess groans a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

De good Lawd made a sunlight, an' He made a shadows, too;
He tied 'em all together in a bag fo' me an' yo';
An' dat man's mos' contented when his time below am done
What has 'membered dat de shadows prove de presence of de sun—
An' smiled a li'l, airly in de mawnin'!

A MURMUR FROM MUDVILLE.

THERE'S been the dingdest earthquake in what's
called our social status;
All the gals we called "our ownest" now they
sca'cely will look at us!
We have plenty faith in beauty, but we have no place
to pin it,
For the gals make no concealment of the fact that we
ain't in it
Since them volunteers came home
From
Santiago!

Through the spring and through the summer days, we
sca'cely need to mention,
We took those gals to picnics and we showed 'em much
attention;
And they cheerfully attended ev'ry dance held in their
honor,

But there's something seems to whisper to us each,
"Oh! you're a goner!"
Since them volunteers came home
From
Santiago!

Of course we don't belittle all the yarns them lads are tellin',
How they stormed the hills of Cuba with the Spaniards round them yellin';
But what hurts us is to notice Sal and Jane and Sue and others
All a-huggin' them, doggone it! just the same as they were brothers
Since them volunteers came home
From
Santiago!

Course, our motives they is honest, and you mustn't misconstrue 'em;
Let them fighters have the glory, let them have all that is due 'em—
But it does seem kind of meanish, and it makes our voices husky

When we think the gals that loved us hard should
throw us down McCloskey
Since them volunteers came home
From
Santiago!

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

SEEMS like 'twuz only yistiddy I helped sweet Mandy make
The stuffin' fer the turkey, an' the big Thanksgivin' cake.
Seems on'y yistiddy we sat 'longside the blazin' logs,
My Mandy in her gingham frock, an' me in Sunday togs,
An' thar discussed the future, while the sparks about us flew,
A'promisin' each other that we'd be forever true.
But now I'm weary longin' fer a face I never see—
These holidays is tearful times fer old, old folks like me.

Seems like 'twuz on'y yistiddy we sung our love's refrain,
A'walkin' whar the autumn leaves wuz scattered roun' the lane.
Seems on'y yistiddy we sat together on the stile,

Me floatin' through life's dearest dream, a'baskin' in her smile.
The clouds wuz painted crimson whar the sun sank in the west,
An' all the world was jus' a place whar love lulled me to rest.
But now the sky is gray, and cold the wind blows 'crost the lea—
These holidays is tearful times fer old, old folks like me.

Seems like t'wuz on'y yistiddy we heerd the parson pray,
An' offer up his meed of praise upon Thanksgivin' day.
Seems on'y yistiddy we sat thar in sweet Mandy's pew,
A'squeezin' of each other's hands, which same meant, "I love you."
I hear that old melodyum a'wheezin' in the loft,
An' "Rock of Ages" floatin' roun', so solem-like, an' soft—
But now the church has crumbled, 'till thar's nothin' left to see—
These holidays is tearful times fer old, old folks like me.

Seems like 'twuz on'y yistiddy I led her to our home,
An' thar from happiness supreme we never thought to roam.
Seems on'y yistiddy us two, together hand in hand,
Set out on life's broad road that leads unto a happier land.
I hear her whisperin' to me yet, "'Till death us two will part,
I'll comfort you in weal or woe, and love you, my sweetheart!"
But now a lonely grave is all these eyes of mine can see—
These holidays is tearful times fer old, old folks like me.

WIDOW JONES' JIMMY.

GOIN' to the deppo'?
Ev'rybody is!
Takin' a vacation
From our daily biz.
Togged in finest feathers;
Know what it is for?
Widow Jones' Jimmy
Comin' home from war.

Mudville's all excited,
Holiday declared;
Ev'rybody loafin',
Best suits gettin' aired.
Cornet band is tootin',
Ready for to play:
Widow Jones' Jimmy
Comin' home today.

Jimmy's been in Cuba,
  Made a record there;
Proved himself a hero,
  Papers all declare.
Nothin' here in Mudville
  Ain't too good for him,
Greater man than Hobson—
  Widow Jones' Jim.

'Fore he went to Cuba
  People used to say:
"Never 'mount to nothin';
  Allus be a jay!"
Used to be so lazy,
  So his neighbors said,
Didn't want to carry
  Good sense in his head.

'Fore he went to Cuba
  Neighbors would remark:
"Hate to meet that feller,
  'Specially after dark!"

Socially neglected
Almost ev'rywhere;
What he did or didn't
No one seemed to care.

When the country called for
Volunteers we heard,
But we was so busy
No one ever stirred,
'Cept the Widow's Jimmy,
He was heard to say:
"Mudville must be in it!
So, I'm off! Good day!"

Goin' to the deppo'?
Everybody's there!
All the village people;
Folks from ev'rywhere,
Dressed up in their finest;
Know what it is for?
Widow Jones' Jimmy
Comin' home from war

JOURNALISM IN MUDVILLE.

GIT me my slippers, Marthy,
I'm through with all my chores;
Git at yer knittin', Marthy,
An' put th' cat out doors.
Close up th' windy shetters,
An' poke th' log ablaze,
I'll read th' Weekly Bugle
An' see what's new these days.

"The Bugle says here, Marthy,
That Squire Wiggin's cow
Hez swallyed of a turnip,
An' choked itse'f somehow;
Th' Perkinses is hevin'
Tarnation cats to pay—
Th' Bugle says as twinses
Is visitin' their way.

"The Bugle says here, Marthy,
That Lijah Smithers' barn
Is ha'nted now by speerits—
Ain't that a awful yarn?
An' Lemuel Quiggin's heifer
Is locked up in the pound,
An' Lem, hisself uncarin',
Is galavantin' round.

"An' here it says Doc Squiggles
Hez sold his furnityure,
An' gone up to th' city
To take th' Keeley cure.
An' Liza Bell McFadden,
A widder jist a year,
Is goin' to marry Muggins,
Th' travelin' auctioneer!

"Bill Perkins' daughter, Myrtle,
Hez got th' scarlet rash;
An' Jedidiah Jimpson
Is raisin' a moustache!

Th' sewin' circle wimmen
  Hez had another spat;
An' Obidiah Wiggins
  Hez lost his Thomas cat!

"Josiah Tibbitt's daughter
  Is tendin' singin' school;
Bill Duff is to be married—
  He allus was a fool!
An' here—tarnation crickets!
  That settles it; I'm done—
Th' Bugle hez discovered
  Thar's black spots on th' sun!

" 'B'gosh, all hemlock! Marthy,
  Th' Bugle's cuttin' capers,
An' follerin' in the footsteps
  Of them 'ere city papers.
Ain't nuthin' in it lately
  But jist sensation'lism—
Th' Bugle's gone an' done it!
  It's yaller journalism!"

UNCLE JOSHUA'S JUBILEE ODE.

B'EN readin' in the papers about the good old Queen,
An' as how her celebrashun is the finest ever seen.
Big crowds hez crossed the ocean to see the mighty show,
An' others is lamentin' a'cause they couldn't go.
I reckon 'tis a treat fer to observe a jubilee—
But the Stars and Stripes ferever—they is good enough fer me!

B'en readin' how as Dukeses from all them furrin lands
Is there, as well as Princes from Injia's coral strands;
There's Markises an' Earlses, an' big guns by the score,
A'bowin' an' a'scrapin', an' a'bendin' to the floor.
It's mighty fine, I reckon, to 'tend a jubilee—
But the Stars and Stripes ferever—they is good enough fer me!

I hears as how theres sojers with uniforms so gay
That London needs no sunshine to brighten up the day;
From Halifax an' Cape Town the troops come marchin' in,
An' everythin' is slicker than a brand-new safety pin.
It's might peart an' perky at a fuss-class jubilee—
But the Stars and Stripes ferever—they is good enough fer me!

I hears as how the lion is a'roarin' mighty loud;
An' the unycorn a'standin' on his horn, he feels that proud;
They tells me Rule Britannia is a'rulin' where it's wet;
An' the sun looks kinder tired 'cause it hez no place to set.
Oh! thar's high jinks, I'm allowin', at a fuss-class jubilee—
But the Stars and Stripes ferever—they is good enough fer me!

So I drinks to Queen Victor'e, an' her celebrashun, too!
She's a mighty fine old lady, an' a woman good an' true;

An' I hopes the years will bless her as they hez done
in the past,
An' that this here celebrashun ain't a'goin to be her
last;
But as fer participatin' further in the jubilee—
Well, the Stars an' Stripes ferever—they is good enough
fer me!

THE HERO IN RAGS.

It doesn't take no war to show jus' what is in a man,
Fer Peace can furnish chances jus' as well as battles can.
Down here in quiet Mudville is the last place 'at you'd seek
To find a firs'-class hero, but we turned out one las' week!
A grand an' noble feller, of the love-your-neighbor stamp—
A hero masqueradin' as a low-down-ornery tramp.

What! Ain't you heerd the story yet? Well, where have you been at?
It's known in ev'ry household right clean down to Griggses Flat!
Las' Tuesday—yes, las' Tuesday—jus' about this time of day,
The town police—Jim Patterson, by name—was on his way
Up home to dinner when he met a man in dust an' rags
What looked as though he spent his time a-testin' empty kags.

Our town police—Jim Patterson, by name—has won renown

Fer keepin' Mudville free from tramps an' chasin' them
from town;
So Jim he grabs the tramp an' says: "But you're a
dandy, though!"
The tramp says, "Yes; jus' drew a prize down at a
beauty show!"
"An' sassy, too, I see!" says Jim; "well, you bes' perco-
late!"
"All right; good-bye!" the tramp replies; "I'll hop the
flyin' freight!"

Well, life's a game of cards, an' no one knows what's in
the deal!
The tramp he moseys fer the freight, an' Jim goes fer
his meal.
It's gettin' kinder dusky now, an' shadders fill the air;
The station-agent's settin', snoozin', easy in his chair;
The wind begins complainin' to the trees up on the hill,
An' everythin' is countrified, an' peaceful-like, an' still.

Now, little Rosie Patterson, the daughter of our Jim,
Had been down there to Sarah Primes a-practisin' a
hymn,
Fer she was solo singist in the Presbyterian choir—
No gal in all the village had a voice 'at could go higher!

She started 'crost the railroad, an' out on the North-
bound track
Her foot got caught, an' do her best she couldn't pull
it back.

Then up the grade about a mile a startlin' whistle blew;
Poor little Rosie heerd its screetch—the fast express
was due!
She moaned an' cried an' called fer help, but no one
made reply—
Nobody ever cared to watch the fast express go by.
Chucky chuck! chucky chuck! it's rushin' down the
grade, an' there she stands,
A-prayin' out her very soul, with pleadin', out-stretched
hands!

It's comin' nearer! nearer! see that awful blindin'
light!
Her pretty eyes are closed, an' all grows black as deep-
est night,
When, suddenly!—her shoe!—unlaced!—free from the
track she reels,
Safe!—but, God's grace! what's that? a man beneath
the wheels!
All crushed an' bleedin', on his brow the Death mark,
cold an' damp—
He gave his life that she might live—that ornery lookin'
tramp!

They took him in the deppo' an' they tried to ease his pain;
Jim Patterson he held him, an' his tears poured down like rain.
The tramp he opened up his eyes, but didn't seem to know
Jus' what had happened, fer he said to Jim, "All—right—I'll—go!
I'll mosey — mosey — down — an' — hop — the — flyin' —freight!" he said,
"But—I'm—so—tired—please—excuse—" he smiled an' fell back, dead.

Out in the little graveyard there's a new-made mound of clay;
A hero'll sleep beneath it till the final Judgment Day.
He wasn't grand to look upon, ner great as great men goes,
But still he had a noble heart beneath them ragged clothes;
An' on the cross above his grave the simple facts we tell:
"He was an outcast here on earth, but God will treat him well!"

MY LEEDLE FRITZ.

DER day is done und der shadows play
Vare he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
Und der curious moonbeams sofdly sdray
Vare he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
His vite vooly dog lies on his breast,
Und der monkey on a stick vot he luffed der best
In his small chubby hants is closely press'd—
Und he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!

Der night vinds call, but he doan'd reply,
For he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
Den dey vander avay mit a mournful sigh,
Bud he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
His blue Noah's Ark stants on der floor,
Und Shem und Ham keep vatch in der door,
Bud he doan'd come und talk mit dem no more,
For he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!

Der vorld is a dark und lonely blace
  Ven he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
For der light uf der sun vas in his face,
  Und he sleeps—my leedle Fritz!
His toys dey are stanting all in a row,
Und his leedle rocky horse id vispers low:
"Der angels vanted him back, und so
  He sleeps—our leedle Fritz!

JEEMS.

THE strangest thing has happened to my little grandson, Jeems;
Fer when I mention war news, why that youngster fairly beams!
'N' when the weekly paper comes up from the village store,
He runs 'n' gets my specs 'n' sits expectant on the floor.
'N' then he drinks in ev'ry word that paper has to say;
'N' after that he never seems to have much heart for play.

We found him out behind the barn, come Tuesday is a week,
A'wearing of his father's cap—the one that has a peak—
'N' talking loud to Towser, which the same is just a pup,

A'saying words like "Shoulder harms! Attention, company! Hup!"
'N' when I ast him what it meant, he said, "Well, Grandma, dear,
It ain't no tellin' when they'll need another volunteer!"

'N' yistiday we lost him—couldn't find him high ner low,
Until I searched the garret, where my dearest relics go;
'N' there was Jeems a'trying for to lift a rusty gun—
The one his Grandpa carried 'fore his work on earth was done.
His Grandpa's faded army coat, too big for him a mile,
He had put on to give himself a military style.

"It ain't no tellin'," then says Jeems, "jus' when they'll want me, so
I thought I'd jus' get used to guns—but ain't they heavy, though!
'N' Grandpa's coat—it mus' have been some time since it was wored!

'N' look here in the shoulder, was that where a bullet
tored?"
I couldn't, not for all the world, to that dear boy reply,
Fer, bein' just a woman, why I had to go 'n' cry.

Today Jeems come to me 'n' says, "Now, Gran'ma,
won't you write
'N' tell my papa in the war I'm ready, too, to fight!"
I kissed him on his curly hair, 'n' says, "Perhaps I will,"
'N' he marched off with Towser to resume his daily
drill.
He's a *very* little fellow, but I wouldn't try to quell
That spirit—it would be no use, 'cause blood is sure to
tell.

DAS KLEINE KIND.

DARK's a fairy comes und leads him
Down der lane to Drowsytown,
Und der Night yust in his honor
Vares her fery bestest gown,
Und der boys vot lif in Dreamland
All come ouid to take a peep,
Ven das kleine kind is blinking,
Vinking,
Sinking
Into sleep.

All der road is filled mit blossoms
From der flowers uf Forget;
Und der stars dey visper ad him:
"Ve are here, alretty yet,
Und undil der daylight's dawning
Over you a vatch ve'll keep"—
Ven das kleine kind is blinking,
Vinking,
Sinking
Into sleep.

Den dot fairy dells him stories
Vot is moosic, vild und free;
Und dey fload on vare der moonlight
Makes a soft und silfery sea;
Vile der vaves of sweet condentment
All arount dem dance und leap—
Ven das kleine kind is blinking,
Vinking,
Sinking
Into sleep.

Den dot fairy leads him through der
Gates of Drowsytown to vare
All der poppy children greet him
At der place called Shut-eye Square;
Den togedder mit each udder
All dare seecrets do dey keep—
Und das kleine kind stops blinking,
Sinking,
Sinking,
Fast asleep.

FRITZ VON SNITZ.

Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz ?
Vee leedle Fritz!
Fritz Von Snitz!
He's der smardest leedle fellow
Vot you nefer saw, yet;
He's as preddy as a picture,
Und you couldn'd forget
His sweet leedle laughings
Uf you efer dit met—
Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?

Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?
Vee leedle Fritz!
Fritz Von Snitz!
Ven der sky id gets so dreary
Dot der black shows through,
Him und me, dot leedle fellow,
Ve haf a romp or two;
Und ven I know he's near me,
Vell, I vasn'd so blue—
Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?

Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?
Vee leedle Fritz!
Fritz Von Snitz!
Der vorld vould be so embty
Uf he vent avay!
Und all der darkest shadows
Dey vould come to stay
Uf I couldn'd see him smiling
Somedime py der day—
Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?

Dit you know leedle Fritz Von Snitz?
Vee leedle Fritz!
Fritz Von Snitz!
He comes mit der morning
On der sun's fairst beams;
He comes mit der tvilight,
Ven der fairst star gleams—
He is yust a leedle fellow
Vot I see in my dreams—
Haf you got a Fritz Von Snitz ?

DER LEEDLE VARRIORS.

VEN Gretchen dakes der proomstick,
Und Hans he dakes a pan
Und beats id mit a teasboon,
Yust like dot bass drum man;
Und Fritz he vas der Cabdain,
His sword a palmleaf fan—
Ven dey go to fight der Spanish
Down in Koobah.

Der foe is fery careless,
Dey meet him eferyvare;
Somedimes dey find him hiding
Down py der cellar sdair,
Und den dey chump ubon him
Und grap him py der hair—
Ven dey go to fight der Spanish
Down in Koobah.

Dey dake dare Grampa's bootchack
To make a catling gun;
Dey load id mit potatoes,
Und den der fight is vun,
Pecause der foe is killded,
Eggcepting dem vot run—
Ven dey go to fight der Spanish
Down in Koobah.

Und ven der pattle rayches,
Dey make der kitten play
A cabdiff in der duncheon,
Midouid no milk all day;
Und den dey plan a rescoo
Und dake dot cat avay—
Ven dey go to fight der Spanish
Down in Koobah.

Und ven der nighttimes shadows
Dare swords und cannon keep,
Und off to Dreamland's playgrount
Dem leedle solchers creep,

Somedimes I hear dem visper:
"Who goes dare?" in dare sleep—
Ven dey go to fight der Spanish
Down in Koobah.

MY BOARD OF INQUIRY.

UP on my knees they clamber when
The daylight fades and dies
Two brave but liliputian men
With knowledge-seeking eyes,
Who ply their questions right and left
With such persistency
That I of answers am bereft—
My Board of Inquiry.

They ask such questions—I declare
I don't know what to say!
They ask me if God dyed my hair
Just by mistake with grey?
They ask me where the night-time goes;
And if the stars they see
Are angels' candles set in rows?—
My Board of Inquiry.

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They ask me where the Sand-man keeps
  His little bags of sand?
And if the Moon-man ever peeps
  Into the Promised Land?
They ask me when the breezes sigh
  And sob so drearily
If they're just telling us good-bye?—
  My Board of Inquiry.

They ask me if God makes the clouds
  From cotton wool why He
Won't use them just to clothe the crowds
  Of ragged boys they see?
And when it rains, the bright blue sky
  How wet it all must be!
How does it manage to get dry?—
  My Board of Inquiry.

They ask me if the sun is not
  Ashamed to go to bed,
Because they noticed that it got,
  At bedtime, rosy red.

They ask if angels tie tin cans
To comets' tails, and see
At night, for that, the bogie-mans?—
My Board of Inquiry.

They ask me does the poor moon hate
To wake up in the night
And find that it's so very late,
And not a soul in sight?
And do the angels have to pay
For cream, and can they see
The cows up in the Milky Way?—
My Board of Inquiry.

Then in my arms they cuddle down,
Nor wait for my replies;
For they are bound for Sleepy Town,
Where all their "ifs" and "whys,"
Where all their theories and themes
Are answered speedily
By fairies in the Land of Dreams—
My Board of Inquiry.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

We ain't got no Chris'mus tree,
'Cause my Mamma's husban' he
'Ist forgot he has a kid,
'At's what my Ma's husban' did.

Pa, 'at's my Ma's husban', says
Trees ain't fash'able these days;
Ast him why, an' Pa says "'cause
Don't believe in Santa Claus!"

Says he hates the noise an' fuss,
Makes him aggravate an' cuss;
Don't see why Ma keeps him, he
Ain't no use 'at I can see.

'F me was him an' him was me,
Bet I'd have a Chris'mus tree;
Ma 'ist smiles an' says "too bad!"
'At 'ist makes me awful mad.

Other little boys has Pas
What believes in Santa Claus;
Hate mean Pas—I'll tell him so
'Ist as soon as I can grow.

Wisht Ma lock him out tonight
When he comes; 'ist serve him right;
Make him stay out there, an' then
Gobulins an' bogie men

Ketch him 'fore the mornin' come—
Bet you then I'd have a drum,
An' a whistle 'at I'd blow,
Whether he don't like er no.

Wisht—why, here's Pa, an' I see
'At he's brought a Chris'mus tree;
Says he thought he'd fool the kid—
'At's 'ist what Ma's husban' did!

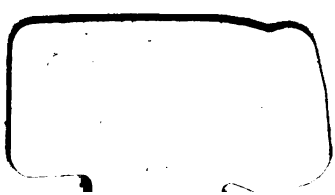
THE WEE ONE'S WISHES.

I WISHT I was a drate big King,
The bigges' ever seen!
'En nights 'at wasn't Tris'mas Eve
I'd make 'em Hollow E'en.
An' 'en I'd go an' tell my Pa,
"See here, you, Pa!" I'd say,
"Now you jus' dare to call me in
When I go out to play!"
I wisht
I was
A King!

I wisht I was a drate big King,
I'd buy some tickets so
'At I could see the circus, an'
I dess I'd let Pa go.
But ef he made me study at
My jogerfy I jus'
Would leave him home, 'tause like as not
He'd aggervate an' fuss—
I wisht
I was
A King!

I wisht I was a drate big King,
I know what I'd do with
A boy 'at always chases me,
His name is Bobby Smith!
I'd buy a big perliceman's club,
A dog, an' 'en a gun,
An' 'en I'd say to Bobby Smith:
"You dasn't make me run!"
I wisht
I was
A King!

I wisht I was a drate big King,
I'd bring my Mama here;
Pa says she's up 'ere in the skies,
An' 'en he calls me "Dear;"
His eyes gets full of tearses, too,
'En he don't speak at all.
I dess I'd go an' get my Ma
Ef I was not so small—
I wisht
I was
A King!



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